I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not ſtrike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with mee.
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wrongd you;
Saue that in loue, vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you: for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
To ſtrike mee, ſpurne mee; nay to kill mee to.
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me goe.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Herm. Why? get you gon. Who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue here behind.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. With *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid: ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Deme. No ſir: ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd.
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchoole:
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout mee thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gon, you dwarfe;
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe, made;
You bead, you acorne.
Deme. You are too officious,
In her behalfe, that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone: ſpeake not of *Helena*,

Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhewe of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holdes me not:
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine, is moſt in *Helena*.
Deme. Follow? Nay: Ile go with thee, cheeke by iow
Her. You, miſtreſſe, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay: goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
My legges are longer though, to runne away.
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay. *Exeu*
Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe commitſt thy knaueries wilfully.
Puck. Beleeue mee, king of ſhadowes, I miſtooke.
Did not you tell mee, I ſhoud know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments, he had on?
And ſo farr e blameleſſe prooues my enterpriſe,
That I haue nointed an *Athenians* eyes:
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſpore.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt, theſe louers ſeeke a place to fight:
Hy therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarry welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teaſty Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue:
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp, with bitter wrong:
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*:
And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting, ſleepe,
With leaden legs, and Batty wings doth creepe: